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THE YELLOW-JACKET.

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THE YELLOW-JACKET,
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A PERSONAL CHAT.

See here, Brother Republican, let us talk to you a little. We first want to ask you to scan this copy of the Yellow Jacket over carefully and if you think it is a good thing, then couldn't you help push it along by dropping 30 cts. in the slot and let us send the paper to you every two weeks for a whole year? Send us the 30 cts. and we will endeavor to do the rest. We have been begging you all along to stay with the Yellow Jacket for the sake of the love you bore McKinley, our fallen leader, whose teachings we have been trying to follow. We also want you on our list because you hate anarchy, unfair election laws, Bryanism, Goebelism, and all the rest of the "isms" and unfair policies that the democrats glory in endorsing. The Yellow Jacket has long ago left the cradle of its infancy, and now, if you will listen, it desires to talk to you with the wisdom of years. If you don't want to subscribe for the paper show the sample copy we are sending you to your neighbor who does. If you are a republican of the true faith we know you can't object to doing this much for a paper that has been battling for your rights from the time it was founded in those dark days of Free-Trade and free soup in 1895-'97.

We insist on every republican sticking to his party papers. It sometimes happens that you find men professing to be republicans who take nothing but democratic papers. Such men are on the broad highway to political ruin. Don't let them go that way. Put the Yellow Jacket in their hands. It will help them to see things as they are. You know the average democrat would see us at the devil almost before he would subscribe for a republican paper to the exclusion of democratic sheets. It is always the truth that stings and the Yellow Jacket lets its chips fall where they will—it is no respecter of persons. If you are such a republican as we want you to be, you can't keep the paper to yourself when it falls into your hands. You'll want to go straightway and tell the good news to others.

We want to make the Yellow Jacket the "warmest baby" that ever happened, and we desire to begin now. The Y. J. is one of our most cherished dream children and we couldn't discard her if we would. We nursed her when for weeks the only signs of life about her were the few whisperings that came to us "That paper will soon peter," and many other like words of encouragement from our loving neighbors. But now, a few things have changed. We number our subscribers by the thousands to-day. The Yellow Jacket leads all papers in North Carolina in circulation and all republican papers in the entire South. In the beginning we carried every blessed copy we printed to the postoffice in our coat pockets. Once we kept soul and body together on the strength of our misfortunes. Now we trot our new baby on our knee with no thought of the duns that may come pouring into us tomorrow. When one of our subscribers pronounces us too tough and sends our little sheet back ornamented with "refused" marked on the outside cover, we simply say "you go to" and the thought of his going doesn't disturb us for weeks as it used to did.

Now in conclusion of this chat let us urge all our friends to help us get this thing in the hands of all the republicans that we can. Let all who have feasted with the republicans and starved with the democrats get a regular 30ct hump on and let's push this paper.

We propose to offer the Yellow Jacket at 25cts a year in clubs of four. So get as many of your neighbors to go in with you as possible and get the paper at 25cts. We make this offer indefinitely. It is our desire to place the price of the paper so low that all may be enabled to take it, but we must have as much as 25cts out of each 12-month subscription in order to get a living out of the paper.

Remember the Yellow Jacket is not a local paper nor the organ of any district or section but circulates in every country where the stars and stripes float and is always republican and always American.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

The democrats continue to put in a good deal of their time "viewing with alarm."

Bryan has been up in the "enemy's country" making republican votes. Go it, Billy.

Cleveland and Bryan are both wreckers. Cleveland wrecked his party and Bryan wrecked the wreck.

Another "paramount" issue for democracy—Whiskey has advanced one cent on the gallon. Arise, Democrats. To arms. To arms.

Some of the dems are denouncing the surplus, but they never gave anybody a chance to do anything like that when they were in power.

The worst trust that ever existed was the trust that the people put in the democratic party, but thanks be to Grover, he busted that.

If Bryan is a populist as the Hillites claim and Hill and Cleveland are republicans as the Bryanites assert, then where in the deuce does the democratic party come in?

Five years of Dingley Tariff and the earth continues to revolve on its axle-tree; business booms, and the free soup wagon remains quietly housed in the democratic lumber house. May she stay there.

The democratic party made William J. Bryan and now Mr. Bryan continues to un-make the democratic party. His influence in the ranks of the party is recognized by the more sagacious leaders as a certain cause of defeat.

Republicanism has punched so many holes in the Kansas City and Chicago platforms that the dems don't want to claim them. Their course in many of their state platforms indicate a desire to dodge or straddle.

Senator Foraker said recently that the spirit of "true Americanism" which Theodore Roosevelt "breathed in with the air of the western prairies" doubtless accounted for his widespread popularity with the American people.

The Rolla, Mo., Sharpshooter declares that "A Cleveland democrat is a very good Roosevelt republican." These wild-eyed, free-silver-or-bust Bryanites have repeated this sort of a lie so long and so often that we verily believe that they think it is the truth.

Under the provisions of the McKinley bill and of the Dingley bill the industries of the United States have reached a point where, instead of comparing them with those of some other nation, we naturally compare them with those of all the rest of the world.

The Yellow Jacket would rather trust a man who wears pants with patches on the knees as big as your hand than a dude who shines out in fine clothes, parts his hair in the middle and wears a collar so high that he has to get on a stump to spit.

Except in those places where more or less fighting is going on daily, the Philippine islands are said to be completely pacified.—Milwaukee News. Yes, and except in those places where the democratic party is too dead to raise a racket, it is helping the Falls to carry on this Philippine "warfare."

In instituting a comparison between itself and the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, formerly a recognized democratic leader, the Indianapolis Sentinel says: "The Sentinel has always been a bimetalist, but never a fool." This is probably what Senator Bailey of Texas would consider an insult.

The Memphis, Tenn., News says it is anxious to know who is to be the future keeper of the elephant. He'll be kept all right. You needn't trou-

ble yourself about that, Mr. News, and the chances are that when he gets done slamming you around next November you won't know the difference between the keeper and a box of axle grease.

Club Rates.

The regular price of the Yellow Jacket is 30 cents a year. But in clubs of 4 or more we will send the paper at 25 cents a year.

Now we earnestly ask every one of our subscribers to do the Yellow Jacket a favor by getting up a club of four or more at this special offer. It won't take you but a few hours to get up such a club. Can't you afford to devote a few hours to the cause we all love and for which the Yellow Jacket has been battling unceasingly for the last seven years? Let us hear from you, brother. Say, we are going to look for a club from you.

Senator J. C. Blackburn of Kentucky is out in a statement in which he declares that he hopes "to live long enough to see United States Senators elected by direct vote of the people." As an experimental step in this direction, Senator Blackburn might induce himself and his associates in Kentucky democratic leadership to permit the election of governors in his state by the same method.

The Salisbury Sun says Senator Simmons' speech at the democratic state convention will make a capital campaign document, as it "bristles with facts and figures that are bound to interest voters." Well, we should snigger. The admission that the state democratic administration has borrowed \$200,000 to replenish a depleted treasury is one "fact" that will "interest voters." Mr. Voter, how does such "facts" set on your stomach?

The thinnest argument that the democrats put up is that their party is the only party that proposes to curb the trusts. Every man who knows anything about matters knows that all the efforts that have been put forth in a practical way to curb the oppressive combination of capital have been the result of republican legislation. The democratic party never was known to sit down hard enough on a trust to have smashed it had it been a soft boiled egg.

Ah, dear old friend; here again on your annual visit: "The horrible news comes from Kansas that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the corn was getting along, and now the stalk is growing up faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is plum out of sight. Three men have undertaken to cut down the stalk with axes and save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast that they can't hack twice at the same place. The boy is living on nothing but raw corn and has already thrown down over four bushels of cobs."

The Nashville, Tenn. News says only one republican was converted in the debate on the Philippine bill. Small wonder at that. How in the name of common sense do you expect republicans to be converted by democratic debating when it was conducted on such a low down plain of abuse that democrats themselves wouldn't sit and listen to it as was the case when Ben Tillman spoke on the Philippine question? Republicans may be converted to nobler things than they now represent, but they are not the sort of fellows to become converts to backsliding and skeedaddling. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Edward Atkinson, addressing an audience on anti-imperialism, concluded from the vociferous applause with which he was received that there was no expansionists among his hearers. So he said boastfully: "If there is an expansionist here, I should like to ask him his name, where he lives, and how he feels now!" Thereupon one man arose and answered: "I am an expansionist. My name is Robert Field. I live in Haverhill, and I feel like a thoroughbred horse among a lot of jackasses."—Walter J. Ballard.

The funniest thing about the North Carolina democratic state convention is that the Bryanite editors speak of it as a harmonious and orderly affair, right in the face of the fact that when Cleveland was denounced as an arch traitor that hell broke loose and pandemonium reigned and that the "dam lie" was passed around unceremoniously.

The only way we can interpret the meaning of these Bryanites is that they don't consider a thing "harmonious" and "orderly" and "democratic" unless it is embellished with profanity and dominated by rowdiness.

The latest mare's nest discovered by the wiggle tails is a scheme, they say, that Mark Hanna has inaugurated to establish weekly republican newspapers throughout the South in the interest of his candidacy for the presidency. The idea of Mark Hanna having no more sense than to try to capture the South with a few local papers. The democrat who "discovered" that scheme hasn't got sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole. It will soon be so, however, that a republican can't come out in a new pair of pants but that some smart alec of a democrat will be ready to swear that Mark has been scattering campaign boodle.

Wire nails, axle grease and alarm clocks are three things which the democrats say they have discovered that are sold in European markets by American manufacturers at prices lower than the manufacturers will sell them in this country. Here, then, are three reasons that democrats have put up why their party should be restored to power, that they may repeal the tariff. But, then, let's see. Here are three reasons why we don't want the dems to try it. They are the Coxey army, the idle factories and the free soup houses. Mr. Democrat, you may prefer to live on cheap axle grease and free soup, but we don't need the combination in our business.

It would make one dizzy to contemplate the possibilities of the Yellow Jacket if all our subscribers were to get a move on like Dr. Jas. Faith of Palmyra, Illinois. Doc got out among the boys the other day and hustled up a club of fifty six subs in about five hours. He was working, he says, for the benefit of the "Good old Republican Party." Speaking of how long he has been laboring in the cause, he says, "I voted for Abe Lincoln in 1860 and right down the line ever since." A good record. By the way, if a few hundred of our "Abe Lincoln" republicans will get such a hump on as this we will soon see our way clear to enlarge and improve the Yellow Jacket.

Bryan has been riding around up north making speeches with Senator Carmack of Tennessee, the old snide whose slanderous attack upon our soldier boys brought down such a storm of hisses from the galleries of the U. S. Senate that he had to sit down and quit his speech. "Every one to his own notion," but for our part we should prefer to campaign with a billy goat rather than with a man whose hatred for our army is so strong that decent folks won't sit still and listen to the explosions of his gall bag. We don't blame the Clevelandites for wanting to reorganize the party. It needs to be deodorized and fumigated with tar and brimstone to make it palatable.

The democrats are so afraid that Mark Hanna will be the candidate in 1904 that they can't keep from letting their fears creep out ever and anon. Never mind, boys, there are other men than Mark Hanna in the republican party who are able to make mince meat out of the democratic donkey. And, again, if you fellows don't want to see Mark Hanna made president, you'd better quit traipsing about telling lies on him. You abused and slandered McKinley for his tariff bill until you ran him into the White House, and if you don't be careful you'll land Hanna in the president's chair by the same method. The people love to honor the man you choose to slander, and they'll do it if it rips open the democratic party from snout to tail.

We have lower interest and higher wages; more money and fewer mortgages, than when democracy was in the saddle. Do you want to see this state of affairs reversed. Then get out to work for the anti-everythings.

Two True and Accurate Pictures.

We can get a very clear idea to what the Dingley Tariff law has bestowed upon the masses by giving two true and actual pictures. In the spring of 1896 James Russell found he could no longer get employment anywhere. For a long while he had been working only a part of the time at reduced wages and now his shop had closed for an indefinite period. He was already behind in his rent and there were bills at the butcher's and grocer's. Jimmie and Willie had both been taken out of school and earned a little now and then, but both together could gather but a dollar a week. Lizzie, too, had to stay at home to help about the housework, for Mrs. Russell worked night and day at sewing to get the three or four dollars that must be had as long as such work was obtainable. The life insurance had already lapsed, and any day the landlord might dispossess them. Finally the little sum in the savings bank was withdrawn, but that, too, soon melted away and there was nothing left to do but visit the pawnbroker. The summer came and the children went without shoes and almost without clothes. There was little to eat, only the cheapest of meat and bread. No sugar, no cream, no milk, no eggs, no vegetables, no fruit. Oh, the weary days and sleepless nights of those fond parents, who, willing to make any sacrifice themselves, could not bear to see their children deprived of the very necessities of life. Little Lizzie fell ill and the doctor said she must have rest and nourishment. And so there came the first taste of charity and parting. The church people found her a temporary home in the country, and so her life was saved. But matters got worse and worse at home. The long indulgent landlord finally insisted, and James Russell and his wife and boys went to two small rooms. Day after day the father, weary of limb and sore of heart, looked for work, eagerly taking any job that might offer. Sometimes they all earned as much as five dollars a week, sometimes only one or two. So the summer dragged along and fall came, but there could be no thought of school nor of church and Sunday school. Lizzie was better and came "home," but the home of James Russell was a sad one indeed, and yet there were hundreds and thousands of others even worse off in those Free-Trade times of 1895 and 1896. But November came and the vote of James Russell counted for as much as the vote of the President of the United States.

Early in December his old employer sent word that they would start up for three days in the week. Oh what joyful news! Despair gave place to hope. They got through the winter fairly well, and in the spring it was known that a new Tariff law would early be enacted, and the cheap foreign made goods would be kept out, and James Russell would have steady work.

Now let us look into his home five years later. It is a pretty little house of seven rooms, and there is no rent to pay, for James Russell is his own landlord. He has for three years been getting \$20 per week, and has been enabled to pay \$200 down on his home and is reducing his mortgage every quarter. The rooms are prettily furnished and there is always a plenty of good substantial food on the table. The life insurance policy is now in force again, and the children all go to school. No need for Mrs. Russell to care for anything except her household duties and her children. She is a prudent housewife, and so there is always a surplus. Lizzie is going to have a piano and take music lessons, and Jimmie is going to college in a couple of years. Perhaps Willie, too, will go, though he wants to learn a trade. There are little outings now and the boys have plenty of books and balls and bats. Saturdays the father comes home with some dainty, a pound of candy, or some luxury for Mamma and Lizzie. The boys each have 50 cents a week for spending money, and, oh! it is such a happy group.

That is what the Dingley law did for James Russell and his dear ones. That is what the Dingley law did for a million of James Russells, and that is the greatest and grandest blessing Protection can bestow. The pictures are not overdrawn, they are not extreme instances. Many were worse off than James Russell in 1896; many are even better off than James Russell in 1902. The average of human happiness in the United States has gone from a low point in 1896 to the highest index figure ever known. The most sanguine optimist would not have dared to predict such a result five years ago today.

And yet there are those who would reverse conditions and plunge us again into Free-Trade and misery. It will be decided at the polls this fall and in 1904. But we do not believe the American workingman, the American farmer or the American citizen in general will vote against prosperity.—American Economist.

The only difference between a horse thief and a ballot thief is that the former is a high toned gentleman compared with the latter.